

## HOTTEST APRIL DAY KNOWN IN NEW YORK.

All Former Records Broken  
by the Weather We  
Are Having.

Mercury Goes to Eighty-five  
and July Heat Prevails in  
Early Spring.

"Prophet" Dunn Makes an Explanation  
and Cheerfully Predicts  
That It Will Be Cooler.

PERSONS PROSTRATED BY THE HEAT.

A Fireman Overcome While Working in a  
Basement—Another Man Dies—The  
Humidity Was Fortunately  
Not Great.

It was the hottest April 16th ever known. The mercury jumped up and played around the 85 mark gleefully and with no decent regard for precedents. A perspiring population groaned under a merciless sun. The past three days have been welcomed as a pleasing, though somewhat abrupt, emancipation from the cold grasp of Winter, but yesterday the innovation had lost its novelty. Men sweat and realized practically a foretaste of the coming Summer.

It was pitifully hard on the tollers, those who have not the alleviation of Spring clothes and cool drinks. As for the others they took it half smilingly, allaying the discomfort with a joke. To them it suggested Coney Island, the roof garden, baseball and the Summer vacation. They blossomed out resplendent in light clothes and all sorts of gay apparel, defying the sun's rays and the humid air.

The thermometer in Manhattan Tower stood at 85 degrees at half-past 2 o'clock in the afternoon. This was one degree higher than it reached on April 16, 1874.

It was the hottest April day ever registered since the Weather Bureau was established in New York City. At midnight of Wednesday the mercury was at 64 degrees. But there was less humidity in the air yesterday than there had been during the hot days just previous. Only 58 per cent of it was in the atmosphere, and that was a blessing all were thankful for. But in spite of this extreme and sudden rise in temperature Forecaster Dunn assures us that we shall not be deprived altogether of the balmy days of budding Spring. He predicts a moderation in a few days that will bring us back to the proper starting point and permit a proper graduation into the heat of Summer.

And the deliciousness of April's character as a month was never more thoroughly demonstrated.

It was only about ten days ago that the city was sheeted up in a mantle of snow and icicles hung everywhere. People had been on the lookout for the dilatory blizzard and they thought it had come at last. Yet, scarcely had the shish melted from the sidewalks when this season of mid-summer heat arrived.

All through the middle region of the country the same sudden increase in temperature has taken place. At Boston it was 64 degrees, at St. Louis 72, at Atlanta 60, at New Orleans 68, in Jacksonville 70, and out in Chicago, where the climate is most objectionable, the mercury got up to 66. In the Northwest a fall of from ten to twenty degrees has been noted during the same period, and in the Dakotas and Wyoming and Montana it is below freezing and there is snow in places. But this is no consolation for New Yorkers. It is more to the point that Mr. Dunn promises a change by Sunday.

In the meantime the hoky-poky man and the vendor of colored lemonade loom up everywhere, the trees begin to bud hopefully, and the little boy, braving the paternal wrath, wanders down to the water front to acquire a fatal case of pneumonia in the translucent waters of the East River.

There were several cases of prostration by the heat, some very serious ones, yesterday.

James McDonough, a fireman, aged thirty-three years, who lives at No. 1091 First avenue, fainted while at work in the basement of the Monroe building, at No. 17 Vandewater street, late Wednesday night. An ambulance was called from the Hudson Street Hospital, and he was submitted to the usual treatment. He revived later on and was sent to his home.

Genoette Calite, thirty-two years old, of No. 312 East One Hundred and Eleventh street, was prostrated by the sun's rays while working at the corner of Bremer avenue and Devoe street yesterday forenoon. He was taken to the Fordham Hospital, and shortly after his arrival there he died.

It was braving sunstroke yesterday afternoon to go out in the downtown streets unless you walked on the shady side. In consequence, the shaded side of the street was everywhere crowded.

The sidewalks radiated heat rays as fiercely as on July days. In fact, the weather was a true sample of midsummer sandwiched into early Spring, when it had no business to be.

Julia Kenney, a cook, employed at Bayonne, New Jersey, was overcome by the heat yesterday afternoon on the Twenty-third street ferry, East River, and conveyed in an ambulance to Bellevue Hospital.

The following table gives the record of the heat yesterday:

Time.	Deg.	Time.	Deg.
12 A. M.	64	12 Noon	82
1 A. M.	65	1 P. M.	83
2 A. M.	65	2 P. M.	85
3 A. M.	65	3 P. M.	85
4 A. M.	65	4 P. M.	85
5 A. M.	67	5 P. M.	85 1/2
6 A. M.	67	6 P. M.	85
7 A. M.	67	7 P. M.	85
8 A. M.	67	8 P. M.	85
9 A. M.	67	9 P. M.	85
10 A. M.	67	10 P. M.	85
11 A. M.	67	11 P. M.	85

The first fatal case of sunstroke this season in Hudson County, New Jersey, occurred yesterday. Frederick Deed, fifty years old, of No. 207 Broadway, Union Hill, while at work on the extension of Main street, through the Synes property, New Brunswick, was overcome by the heat. He died at 2 p. m.

Manchester, N. H., April 16.—The mercury this afternoon touched 92, a figure unprecedented for April in New Hampshire.

Toledo, O., April 16.—The temperature here to-day was 84 degrees in the shade. Hartford, Conn., April 16.—To-day is the fourth day of an extremely hot spell which

## COOLER WEATHER COMING.

Farmer Dunn Explains the Causes of This Unprecedented April Heat.

The hot spell under which New York has been suffering for the past four days is unprecedented in the annals of the Weather Bureau, and, as far as I know, eclipses all records for the month of April. At no time during April has there been four days of such continuous heat. We have had warm weather in April for three continuous days before, but nothing to equal the warm spell of this April. On the 14th we passed all previous records for a similar date, and yesterday we passed not only this record by fourteen degrees, but we exceeded the records of any day in April since 1870 by one degree. The highest previous records are 84 degrees on April 22, 1886, and 84 degrees on April 29, 1888. Yesterday's highest point was at 2:30 p. m., when the mercury touched 85 degrees, after which it began to fall.

This unusually high temperature is due to atmospheric conditions which rarely occur. An area of high pressure has been resting over the South Atlantic States, throwing off warm air in a northerly direction. Then, there has been an area of low pressure which has passed over the lake regions, and a second depression from Dakota has been moving toward us, with warm air from southern latitudes. This peculiar combination accounts for the unusual heat, which is by no means a sign that we are in the midst of Summer.

I expect the weather to be cooler to-night. We will have some real Spring weather yet, and probably plenty of it, before Summer really sets in.

ELIAS B. DUNN.



this city at 1 p. m. stood at 85 to 90 degrees.

Middletown, N. Y., April 16.—The temperature here was 94 degrees at 3 p. m. Woonsocket, R. I., April 16.—The mercury registered 90 in the shade at 1 o'clock this afternoon. This beats all records for twenty-five years.

### DASHED INTO THE FIRE.

An Atchison, N. J., Man, Overcome by Remorse, Burns Himself to Death.

John Maxwell, of Atchison, N. J., committed suicide by rushing into a burning house last night. He had been drinking, and, when his mother scolded him for being so, he became enraged and threw a lighted oil lamp at her.

The lamp did not strike the woman, but burst, and set fire to the house. Mother and son escaped from the burning building. A crowd gathered, but no village had no means of extinguishing fires, the men had to stand by and watch the house burn.

Maxwell became frantic with grief over his act. He finally rushed into the flames and was burned to death.

### MISSING FROM A CONVENT.

A Temporarily Deranged Nun Wandered Away and Fears Are Entertained for Her Safety.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 16.—Sister Gertrude suddenly disappeared from St. Joseph's Convent, Bradock, late Tuesday afternoon while temporarily deranged from illness. Searching parties have scoured the country in every direction for the missing nun and have abandoned the quest, no trace being obtained.

Father Werthenbach, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, is afraid the nun may have fallen into the hands of tramps while in her delirium. Her name before she entered the convent was Denner, and she lived at Woodwell, near Wheeling, W. Va., but no word has been received of her arrival at home.

Sister Gertrude was employed as housekeeper in the parochial residence.

### SCHAEFER BEAT MAURICE DALY

The New Yorker Defeated by 40 Points in the Afternoon Game.

Boston, April 16.—"Jake" Schaefer defeated Maurice Daly in the fourth game of the cushion carrom tournament this afternoon, the score being 300 to 200. This was a close match, though Schaefer was not himself and only played his best billiards at times. Daly played well all through the game.

Schaefer's average was 5 to 10-58, and his highest run 35. Daly's average was 4 to 25-58, and his highest run 23.

This evening's game was between Frank Ives and Albert Garner. A large number of spectators were present and the usual interest was manifested in the play of the two champions. Ives went out in the fifty-first inning, the score standing: Ives, 300; Garner, 238. The highest runs were: Ives, 32; Garner, 21, and the averages were: Ives, 5 to 45-61; Garner, 4 to 61.

She at once notified Professor Clark, who is an athlete weighing 200 pounds. He rescued young Fatherly by the force of his cannon.

The seniors were afterward mobbed on the streets and one of them had to use a revolver to protect himself.

Exciting Pranks of a Party of Seniors of Mount Union College.

Alliance, Ohio, April 16.—This city was thrown into a state of feverish excitement today over the bold attempt last night of a party of Mount Union College seniors to abduct one of the juniors.

The prospective victim of the abduction was a young man named William Fatherly. They would have succeeded in their attempt were it not for a junior girl who happened to be passing at the moment when the seniors were trying to force him into a waiting carriage.

She at once notified Professor Clark, who is an athlete weighing 200 pounds. He rescued young Fatherly by the force of his cannon.

The seniors were afterward mobbed on the streets and one of them had to use a revolver to protect himself.

Exciting Pranks of a Party of Seniors of Mount Union College.

Alliance, Ohio, April 16.—This city was thrown into a state of feverish excitement today over the bold attempt last night of a party of Mount Union College seniors to abduct one of the juniors.

The prospective victim of the abduction was a young man named William Fatherly. They would have succeeded in their attempt were it not for a junior girl who happened to be passing at the moment when the seniors were trying to force him into a waiting carriage.

She at once notified Professor Clark, who is an athlete weighing 200 pounds. He rescued young Fatherly by the force of his cannon.

The seniors were afterward mobbed on the streets and one of them had to use a revolver to protect himself.

Exciting Pranks of a Party of Seniors of Mount Union College.

## DAISY WEBER FILLS HER FATHER'S PLACE.

Business Cares and a Family's Support Which He Discarded, She Says.

At the Head of a Brokerage Firm She Directs the Labors of Seven Clerks.

Wall Street Watches This Plucky Feminine Invasion with Interest and Admiration.

### HER FATHER'S STRANGE DESERTION.

In March Last He Drew \$251,000 from a Bank and Disappeared, as Did His Pretty Typewriter, Leaving His Family Penniless.

"Come Charles, step lively. We must get those quotations off," exclaimed Miss Daisy Weber as she fanned herself with a dainty lace handkerchief yesterday afternoon. "And you, Thomas," she continued, "ask William to copy this letter. I'm in an awful rush to-day, and I want to catch the 5 o'clock boat. Mother worries so."

Miss Daisy Weber thus speaking arose from her chair and walked to the window which opens upon William street, and one could see that she was a tall, graceful girl, wearing a tailor-made gown of cadet gray cloth. On her head she wore a Spring bonnet, a wondrous affair, reminding of an old-fashioned New England flower garden.

The face that showed beneath this wealth of flowers was a handsome one; eyes of dark blue, the mouth small, the nose classically straight, the complexion clear, and, to add to the charms of the whole, a dimple on the left cheek that showed whenever she smiled.

### FILLING A FATHER'S PLACE.

That, however, was not often, for Daisy Weber has undergone a sorrow which would have prostrated most girls, and she has undertaken a task from which many a man would shrink.

Newspaper readers are probably familiar with the story of her troubles. They are aware that on March 20 last her father, C. W. B. Weber, a prominent banker and broker, drew \$250,000 from the Corn Exchange Bank and suddenly left the city, and they are also aware that on the same day Mr. Weber's former typewriter also left the city. Since that day neither of them has been seen by relatives or friends.

Mr. Weber was the head of the brokerage firm known as the Western Agency, Limited, as well as the New York agent of the banking house of Blythe, Green, Jourdain & Co., of London. His strange disappearance left his family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, Daisy, aged twenty-three years, and his son, Charles, aged twenty-one years, penniless.

Daisy had been employed by her father for five years and was quite familiar with the details of his business. So when she saw stern necessity staring herself and her mother in the face she resolved to make the attempt to carry on her father's business.

### BATTLING WITH FINANCIERS.

So it was that Daisy Weber became the manager of the Western Agency, Limited, and that is why she sat at a big oak desk in the agency's offices at No. 17 William street yesterday directing the labors of her force of seven clerks. Her brother was with her, but he is not so familiar with the business as she, and the result is that the burden of the management has fallen almost entirely upon her young shoulders.

Naturally, Wall Street, and especially the members of the Produce, Corn and Fruit exchanges are watching her career with interest. It is the first time in the history of the Street that a woman has entered into direct competition with men. Some are inclined to resent the invasion, but more admire her courage, and quietly aid her when opportunity offers.

"It does not seem such a remarkable thing to me," said Miss Weber yesterday, "the only objectionable feature is the notoriety, but I presume that will soon pass away. I am not a member of any of the Exchanges myself, and I do not think it will be necessary that I should be. I simply act as a middleman between seller and buyer. I think I can make money enough to support our little family very comfortably and keep together the home at Stapleton."

"We haven't heard a word from papa since he went away, and I am afraid we never will; but you must excuse me now, for I have some letters to dictate," and glancing in a mirror to see if her hat was on straight, she sat down beside her stenographer, and was soon wrapped in the

dictating. During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.

No attempt had yet been made to cut the bars covering the window, nor were any implements found in the cell, which leads to the belief that Flansburg had confederates outside assisting him. Flansburg was taken to Dannemora this morning to serve his sentence of two years and six months for burglary.

### LAMONT NOT A CANDIDATE.

Colonel Daniel Lamont was in the city yesterday for a few hours while on his way to Birmingham to attend the funeral of ex-Deputy Collector Charles Davis. Colonel Lamont refused to discuss politics further than to reiterate his declaration that his ambition is to retire to private life when his term as Secretary of War expires. He declares positively that he is not a candidate for Governor.

During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.

No attempt had yet been made to cut the bars covering the window, nor were any implements found in the cell, which leads to the belief that Flansburg had confederates outside assisting him. Flansburg was taken to Dannemora this morning to serve his sentence of two years and six months for burglary.

### LAMONT NOT A CANDIDATE.

Colonel Daniel Lamont was in the city yesterday for a few hours while on his way to Birmingham to attend the funeral of ex-Deputy Collector Charles Davis. Colonel Lamont refused to discuss politics further than to reiterate his declaration that his ambition is to retire to private life when his term as Secretary of War expires. He declares positively that he is not a candidate for Governor.

During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.

No attempt had yet been made to cut the bars covering the window, nor were any implements found in the cell, which leads to the belief that Flansburg had confederates outside assisting him. Flansburg was taken to Dannemora this morning to serve his sentence of two years and six months for burglary.

LAMONT NOT A CANDIDATE.

Colonel Daniel Lamont was in the city yesterday for a few hours while on his way to Birmingham to attend the funeral of ex-Deputy Collector Charles Davis. Colonel Lamont refused to discuss politics further than to reiterate his declaration that his ambition is to retire to private life when his term as Secretary of War expires. He declares positively that he is not a candidate for Governor.

During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.



## PARKER REPLIES TO ROOSEVELT ET AL.

Police Commissioners Talk of Falsehoods and Seem to Be Real Angry.

Mayor Strong Hears Both Sides and Tells Them the Quarrel is Unidentified.

### A SMALL QUESTION OF COURTESY.

How the Row in the Board Started Over Congressman Quigg's Desire to See Captain McCullough Promoted and Roosevelt's Failure to Do It.

"I stand by what I have said, and could give plenty of details to support it. I said it deliberately and advisedly and to repeat it will not strengthen it. President Roosevelt and not I have been the aggressor at every stage of the controversy."

This is the verbatim answer of Police Commissioner Andrew D. Parker to the statement made yesterday by President Roosevelt in behalf of the Board. This statement was, in part, as follows:

"We never so much as spoke to any member of the Republican organization, either directly or indirectly, concerning police matters until a friend brought me information concerning the statement of Mr. Parker's having been placed before the leaders of the party. Then I at once communicated the information to Commissioners Grant and Andrews. When we saw a copy of the statement being circulated by Mr. Parker, with a view to injuring his colleagues, we at once prepared a detailed answer to it. We announced our position in the matter in a way that cannot by any chance be misunderstood. Mr. Parker does not deny a single statement of fact made by us. In our lengthy answer we have been obliged to show, much to our regret, that Mr. Parker had been repeatedly guilty of deliberate falsehood. This renders it quite unnecessary to discuss further statements from Mr. Parker."

And that is the way matters stand at present in the pale, clam looking marble building in Mulberry street.

An opinion seemed to prevail yesterday that the three Commissioners—Messrs. Roosevelt, Grant and Andrews—had gone over the head of Mayor Strong, who appointed them, in going to Edward Lauterbach with their statement in refutation of Mr. Parker's statement. President Roosevelt was a little surprised to learn this view. He said, rather warmly:

"Supposed I received a letter from John Smith relating to Police Department matters, suppose he had a complaint to make or a suggestion, do you suppose I would address my answer to Mayor Strong? Of course not. I would reply to John Smith."

Colonel Fred D. Grant and Commissioner Andrews held a long conference yesterday with Mayor Strong on the subject of the accusations against Commissioner Parker. Ashort time afterward Commissioner Parker arrived at the City Hall, and Mayor Strong greeted him with a warm handshake. He urged Mr. Parker to try and "patch up the difficulties." He said he did not consider such wrangling dignified and that it had a tendency toward the demoralization of the police force. It is said the Mayor told the three Commissioners that he was tired of such exhibitions of official disagreement.

Edward Lauterbach was sitting in pink shirt sleeves when a Journal reporter called on him. When he had learned that Mayor Strong's friends had been practically ignored in the matter, he said:

"I am the chairman of the Republican County Committee, and I should be consulted on matters pertaining to the political policy, as well as to the personnel of the bi-partisan service. I am sorry that such conferences with representatives of the Republican organization has not been a rule in the past. The Commissioners made

one prisoner killed by a guard—another's attempt frustrated, but Swindler Davis is at large.

Jackson, Mich., April 16.—Thomas Brown, serving a seven-years' sentence in the State Prison for burglary, was shot and instantly killed yesterday afternoon while attempting to escape. He and Pat Dolan made a rush from the Withington & Cooley shop with a ladder, which they placed against the wall.

Dolan was on top, when a guard halted him. He jumped back, but Brown kept on and was shot through the heart. Other convicts attempted to join Brown and Dolan, but were prevented by the prompt action of the guards.

Winterset, Ia., April 16.—C. O. Davis, who robbed the Peru Bank, which he was conducting, of \$15,000, and was captured in New York operating another bank, broke jail here yesterday.

Ed Streeter, a harness thief, in an adjoining cell, sawed off the bars which separated them. They severed the rivets which held the sheet iron floor together, and for two weeks have been digging a tunnel from their cell under ground.

Posses were sent out from all the surrounding towns, and minute descriptions have been wired all over the State.

Davis is one of the most clever bank swindlers in the country.

Schoenaday, N. Y., April 16.—George Flansburg has appeared successfully before the Schenectady public in the role of a burglar, jail breaker and reformer. Other convicts attempted to join Brown and Dolan, but were prevented by the prompt action of the guards.

During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.

No attempt had yet been made to cut the bars covering the window, nor were any implements found in the cell, which leads to the belief that Flansburg had confederates outside assisting him. Flansburg was taken to Dannemora this morning to serve his sentence of two years and six months for burglary.

### LAMONT NOT A CANDIDATE.

Colonel Daniel Lamont was in the city yesterday for a few hours while on his way to Birmingham to attend the funeral of ex-Deputy Collector Charles Davis. Colonel Lamont refused to discuss politics further than to reiterate his declaration that his ambition is to retire to private life when his term as Secretary of War expires. He declares positively that he is not a candidate for Governor.

During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.

No attempt had yet been made to cut the bars covering the window, nor were any implements found in the cell, which leads to the belief that Flansburg had confederates outside assisting him. Flansburg was taken to Dannemora this morning to serve his sentence of two years and six months for burglary.

LAMONT NOT A CANDIDATE.

Colonel Daniel Lamont was in the city yesterday for a few hours while on his way to Birmingham to attend the funeral of ex-Deputy Collector Charles Davis. Colonel Lamont refused to discuss politics further than to reiterate his declaration that his ambition is to retire to private life when his term as Secretary of War expires. He declares positively that he is not a candidate for Governor.

During the week he has endeavored to repeat his former successful escape from the County Jail, but an accident frustrated his plans. Yesterday Mrs. Barker thought she heard the occasional jangle of an alarm bell, and called City Electrician Burns to test the wires. An examination disclosed the fact that for a small space inside the cell window, the electric alarm wires had been cut away and reunited temporarily by the use of a metal spoon.

## THE TINIEST TOT BROOKLYN IS

Nine Days Old and Weight  
One Pound, One and  
Three-Fourth Ounces.

A Dime Hid One of His Hands in  
His Coffin Is Eleven  
Inches Long.

FED ON DROPS OF SWEET MILK.

Seemed to Be Thriving in a Cigar Box  
Crib, but Faded Away During the Intense  
Heat of Yesterday Without  
the Slightest Warning.

Mrs. John McAuley's boy weighed 18 1/2 ounces when it was born ten days ago at No. 214 Kent street, Greenpoint. But he was perfectly formed and was apparently very healthy. He died yesterday, and all Greenpoint went into mourning for the tiny tot who had only seen nine days of life.

He was 7 1/2 inches from the crown of his head to his soles. His eyes were brown, and he was as rosy as any baby that ever came into the world. His mouth was so small that Dr. Burt, who is ingenious, hit upon the plan of feeding the baby by means of an ink dropper, the liquid food employed being luke-warm milk sweetened and diluted.

In nine days his weight increased to one pound and one and three-fourth ounces, while in height he attained the surprising attitude of eight and one-half inches.

There were two other big healthy babies in the McAuley household, and as the number of cribs in the family was limited to two, the father did not believe he was called upon to purchase a third, and therefore he went to a German tobacconist on Manhattan avenue and secured a cigar box.

It was a good cigar box, of red cedar wood and in the heyday of its youth it had contained Havana cigars. The young mother lined the lid with white satin, nicely quilted and decorated with pink ribbons. It made a soft couch for the little McAuley. During the daytime the baby in its cedar crib, generally reposed on the mantle, but at night the box was placed on the centre table, alongside the red plush family album and the family Bible, in which was properly inscribed the date of baby's birth.

When the fire in the stove died out, the father would shut the perforated cover of the box, for it would never do to have John McAuley, Jr., catch cold.

When he cried in the night, his mother would take the box in her hand, and toss it up and down, and mamma's little man would thereupon close his eyelids and drift off to the land of nod, just as Chang, the giant, probably did in the glad days of his innocent infancy.

The hands of John McAuley, Jr., were just about the cunningest hands any one ever saw. A dime placed on them hid hand, fingers and all, from view. The mouth looked for all the world like a tiny scratch, and you couldn't see the nose.

The feet were microscopic, and, as for the ears, as used to say, they were as large as a good, stout blue lead pencil.

And it was this tiny atom that died yesterday. He cried once, when the heat was most intense, and then closed his eyes. His breathing became slower and slower until it finally ceased altogether. Then the mother wept as if her heart were breaking, and the father very solemnly went to an undertaking establishment for a rose wood casket 11 inches long and 4 inches wide. To-day it will be buried in Cypress Hill.